THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANOTHER BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

IT will not, my dear S——, seem surprising that my first communication should turn on so interesting a topic as eminence in the profession of the law. Here, as at home, to be eminent in this profession, is to be eminent in the nation, and those, who can best persuade juries, and convince the mind of a court, have invariably the most influence at elections, and the greatest weight in the council.

Eminence in the profession of law, being, at this age of the world, so important an object, it is natural to inquire who are they, that have attained this proud honour.

The three great lawyers of this metropolis are Parsons, Dexter, and Otis. Of their *comparative* merit, as my fellow traveller and myself differ in opinion, we shall, probably, express different results. Whatever he may have written, I shall give you, with candor, the judgment I have formed with freedom, yet, I hope, without rashness.

Theophilus Parsons unites all the bloom of wit with the aridity of abstract argument. The mighty magician of law, he turns every thing to his purpose, by merely waving his wand. Of immense legal information, his memory affords a fund on which the courts here constantly draw, and whence, without diminishing the original stock, they receive constant supply. He is a mathematician, philosopher, and divine. Yet, uncouth in his person, careless of dress, and barbarous in pronunciation, he has no claim to the elegant attractions of the orator. He is, in one phrase, the Dr. Johnson of the bar.

Samuel Dexter is a man who must always enjoy fame, when fame can be enjoyed with honour, and he is proud enough to despise it, when it cannot. As a barrister, he is certainly beyond all I have met on this side the Atlantic. Americans, who have heard both, consider him superior to Erskine; and would, for the honour of our country, Englishmen could dissent. Unlike, however, that present boast of our Westminster-hall, the glory of Dexter is not confined to the stage of professional action. Powerful in the senate, as at the bar, he could overawe faction with the same ease he can silence opposition. He has proved himself as adequate to the solemn charge of legislation, as to the comparatively humble ministerial duties of his professional office. Some of the most accurate and important 'acts' of the general government were, I am told, first framed by him. The representation of this commonwealth was never more respectable, than when he was in congress. Then Massachusetts could rear her head among the states, and *dared speak loud*. Now her 'still small voice' is scarcely audible 'mid the rude uproar. He soon after filled so many of the first executive offices, in the Federal administration, in such rapid succession, and with such versatility of talent, that he seems justly entitled to the title of the American Pitt. Yet, with all this agency in the affairs of government, with all the time he must have spent in political occupation, he is considered, by some, second to none as a lawyer. It is unnecessary to compare him with Mr. Parsons. They are equally eminent in distinct spheres. Without more talent for the bar, if we except his wit, the latter gentleman has all the nice discrimination of our late countryman Fearne; and in the capacity of *chamber counsel*, would have been, perhaps, superior even to him. Comprehension, rather than discrimination, is the characteristic that marks the mind of Mr. Dexter; the forum, rather than the closet, is his appropriate element. Parsons has all the adroitness of a special pleader, and is apt to consume time in foiling his adversary with technical points. Dexter, on the contrary, overlooks every thing but the merits of his case, and deems a moment's delay, for mere form, an unwarrantable sacrifice. The one has the eye of a hawk; the other that of the eagle; the one a peculiar pointedness of feature, the other an original boldness. The former an acute disputant, the latter an imposing orator. Parsons has more learning and less taste, his rival more invention and eloquence. Parsons reads more than Dexter; Dexter thinks more than Parsons.

This opinion is not the result of my own unassisted observation. The ———, my dear S——, to whom you introduced me in this place, have influenced me by the opinion they were frank enough to communicate; an opinion, formed on more time and observation than I could have given this subject, allotting to others their proper proportion.

The Hon. Harrison Gray Otis is certainly intitled to the third rank among the lawyers of this state. As an orator, in gracefulness of gesture and music of voice, he, perhaps, excels Mr. Dexter. Mr. Otis has too a felicity in the ludicrous, which is the portion of none of his brethren. That this state should at one time produce three such characters is certainly matter of wonder. The last gentleman is now the speaker of the house of representatives in this state; and, from his well-known ambition, it has been surmised, that this is only a prelude to being speaker to both houses; but, from the little acquaintance I have with Mr. Otis, I am sensible he is too much a patriot to wish for that office till the melancholy event of the death of the present amiable chief magistrate.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.

[*Concluded.*]

The Visions of Fancy are the effusions of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, but too attentive to the glitter of slight ornaments. The thoughts are pure, simple, and pathetic; and the lines are such as elegy requires, smooth, easy, and flowing; but the diction is often affected, and the phrase unskilfully inverted. The Autumnal Elegy, and other pieces of that kind, deserve a more unqualified commendation.

His Genius and Valour is a proper contrast to the 'Prophecy of Famine.' If he does not exceed Churchill in the fire and force of his numbers, he is at least equal to him in the easy and harmonious flow of his versification. In that part of the pastoral, where he celebrates those natives of North Britain, who have been distinguished for their genius and learning, the representation of the four Seasons appearing to Thomson, and claiming the palm, like the fabled competition of the rural goddesses before the royal shepherd on Mount Ida, is entitled to the highest praise. The Seasons are distinguished by a brilliancy of colouring, and a distinctness and propriety of attribute, that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Thomson. The decision contains an elegant compliment to the amiable 'poet of the Seasons.'

——The bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial praise,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

In the first epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind, he recommends the study of Nature, in order to enlarge our minds by a due contemplation of her works. The plan is somewhat defective; but it possesses, in many parts, the concise and happy expression, and the melodious versification of Pope's Essay on Man. In the Second Epistle, like the first, there is more poetry than plan. The panegyric on Reason is eminently beautiful, and the reflection on the proper culture of the *flower divine* is pathetic and spirited. The description of those graceful arts, which flock round the throne of Science, particularly Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, is appropriate and striking; and the elegiac lines to the memory of his friend General Craufurd, are tender and pathetic. The Precepts of Conjugal Happiness contain much valuable instruction, delivered in chaste and elegant diction, and easy and harmonious verse.

The Verses to the Memory of a Lady, rank with the celebrated elegiac compositions of Lyttleton and Shaw, to which they are equal in poetical merit, and scarcely inferior in pathetic tenderness. They must please every body, because there are beauties in them which affect every body. The following lines must touch every feeling heart:

See the last aid of her expiring state,
See love, ev'n love has lent his darts to fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When crown'd with flowers he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd,
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd;
There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead.——

These pathetic verses came so near the feelings of the present writer, when he experienced a similar affliction, nine years ago, that they hurt his peace of mind; and, while he admired the poet, and pitied the man, he saw his own miseries in the strongest point of view, and sought, like him, a vain relief, by composing a 'Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife,' in the same measure, which he extended, with a melancholy pleasure that mourners only know, beyond the bounds which custom has prescribed to elegiac verses. He has seen the scene he describes, and knows how dreadful it is. He knows what it is to lose one, that his eyes and heart have been long used to, and he never desires to part with the remembrance of that loss.

——though the inexorable urn
Never to me shall her lov'd form return;
Tho' cold the breast that life's warm current fed,
And pale the cheek that modest beauty spread;
Tho' clos'd the eye that glanc'd endearing thought,
And mute the voice that living goodness taught;
Never from me shall her lov'd image part,
But live and reign unrivall'd in my heart;—
Ev'n death's dim shadow seeks to hide in vain
The modest aspect, and the smile humane!
In day's broad glare, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-ey'd phantom rises to my sight!
In vain—confest, I see my Anna stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand!
Faint on my lips th' unhallow'd sounds expire,
That vainly emulate the muse's fire;
Afresh my tears in fond remembrance flow,
And rising anguish stops the strain of woe;
Bleeds in my breast with aggravated pain,
Throbs at my heart, and thrills in every vein!

In his Fables of Flora, the plan of fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original narrative and moral may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and disposition of poetry, where she finds new objects, interests, and connections, to exercise her fancy and her powers. The plan is judicious, and the execution truly admirable. None of his compositions bear stronger marks of poetical invention and enthusiasm; none are distinguished by simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy, in a more eminent degree; and none have a stronger tendency to promote the love of nature and the interests of humanity. Of these charming compositions, the Sun-flower and the Ivy, the Laurel and the Reed, the Violet and the Parsley, the Wall-Flower, and the Misletoe and the Passion-Flower, deserve particular commendation. The two last are distinguished by imagination, pathos, and sublimity, in a superior degree.

The Origin of the Veil is an elegant compliment to the fair sex, expressed in his usual melodious flow of versification.

The Country Justice breathes throughout a laudable spirit of poetry and humanity; and is farther recommended to us by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant versification. The First Part opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security in England before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. He then celebrates this most salutary and excellent appointment and its purposes. The description of Ancient Justice Hall succeeds, in which there are some exquisite strokes of humour and pleasantry. The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn. The general motives for lenity in the exercise of the justice's office, are enforced with much energy and benevolence. In his apology for vagrants, he pleads the probable misery of the widow'd parent, who might have borne one of those wretches, in the richest vein of fancy and pathos.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

His declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of *gypsies*, will be read with peculiar pleasure.

The subject of the Second Part is the protection of the poor, in which he points out, with great energy, and well-placed satire, the evils that result from a deserted country and an overgrown metropolis. It is introduced by a dedication, which is equally moral and poetical. In the Third Part, he treats on depredation, prison, and filiation, with the same pathetic elegance, benevolence, and well-placed satire. The prose titles to the several divisions of the poem, which break the thread of the subject, and interrupt the reader, rather unpleasingly, are omitted in the last edition.

His 'Owen of Carron' is a pathetic tale, told with simplicity and elegance. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the reign of William the Lyon. The characters are interesting, and the events distressing. Lady Ellen, a Highland beauty, daughter of the Earl of Moray, after being unsuccessfully addressed by many suitors, meets with one who succeeds, but whose success proves fatal to herself. Ellen is casually met by the Earl of Nithisdale, who becomes enamoured of, and connected with her. This intercourse is observed by Earl Barnard, a rejected and jealous suitor, who provides a band of ruffians to assassinate his rival. Ellen, unconscious of her lover's fate, goes to meet him at the accustomed bower, and finds him dead.

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale!
She said, and silent sunk away!

She is found by a friendly shepherd, who conveys her to his cottage, where she returns to life, but not to reason. Her situation at this juncture is finely described:

O, hide me in thy humble bower,
Returning late to life, she said,
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower,
With many a rosy wreath thy head, &c.

Ellen, after recovering from her insanity, and residing some years with the shepherd, is espoused to Lord Barnard, the unsuspected murderer of her husband,

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale, &c.

From this event, it can scarce be supposed that Ellen deserves much happiness. She had confided to the care of the shepherd, a young Nithisdale, the Owen of Carron, who gives name to the poem. Owen, when arrived at years of understanding, adverting to some circumstances which he thinks inconsistent with his supposed birth and present situation, indulges a very natural anxiety.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?—
If I am but a shepherd's boy, &c.

The shepherdess, his foster-mother, previous to her death, reveals the secret, and Owen resolves to attempt an interview with his real mother, in the halls of Lothian. His resolution produces a dreadful catastrophe.

'Tis o'er—these locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air—
The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er,
He pointed to the ghastly head——
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

The story, which reminds us of 'Gil Morrice,' is skilfully told, and distinguished by rich imagery, and flowing versification; but the illicit commerce of Nithisdale and Ellen should not have passed unreproached, as if it were irreproachable.

Of the pieces now first collected into his works, the Hymn to the Rising Sun, Farewel Hymn to the Valley of Irwan, the Happy Villager, to Almena, Hymeneal, Song, Hymn to the Eternal Mind, Epitaphium Damonis, Epistles to Colman and Mr. Lamb, and the verses Written in a Cottage-Garden at a village in Lorrain, are distinguished by tenderness of sentiment, luxury of description, force of pathos, and harmony of numbers. The last, in pathetic simplicity, and unaffected tenderness, is not to be surpassed by any thing of the kind in the English language. In the pieces taken from Solyman and Almena, the river Eden may be substituted for Irwan, without any local impropriety. His Sonnets and smaller pieces, have their brighter passages, but require no distinct enumeration, or particular criticism.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[*Continued.*]

The peroration of this discourse is generally considered as the most beautiful that Cicero ever made. The most common object of this last part of an oration is, we know, to excite the compassion of the judges in favour of the accused, and this method is followed by the moderns as well as by the ancients. If we had an exact idea of justice, and of the ministry of those who render it, we should not see the orators of all times, and of all nations, throw themselves with their clients at the feet of the judges, and employ, to move them, all the arts of supplication. Is it not, in fact, a species of outrage to judges, to beseech them to be just? Is it permitted to demand of compassion, what ought not to be expected but from equity? To speak by his tears, as if he distrusted his reasons; to forget that the minister of the law, whose first duty it is to be without passions like the law, ought not to avenge the innocent, because he pities him, but because he judges him? This might be said by a rigorous philosopher; but eloquence has too well understood her interests, to found them on a perfection almost absolutely ideal. The orator has thought, that if philosophy, in her speculations, may, without hazard, see nothing in the judges but the living law, it was much safer for him and his cause to see nothing in them but men. He has remembered, that it is in our nature, to delight in granting as a grace, that which may be demanded as a justice; that we yield to conviction as to force, but that we give way to tenderness as to our own pleasure; that a little sensibility is more easy and more common than a great deal of equity and information; that we dispute with our hearts much less than against our reason, and that when both can decide the lot of the accused, the defender cannot do better than make sure of both.

This Cicero understood better than any man, but the character and conduct of Milo rendered it very difficult. The advocate must not appear in contradiction with his client, and the proud Milo, intrepid in danger, had done nothing which was customary for the accused to do, to render

their judges favourable. He had not put on mourning, made no solicitation, nor manifested any fear. There was in his conduct enough to disconcert the pathetic of a vulgar orator; but ours takes his measures so well, that he turns in favour of his client that security which, by its resemblance to pride, might have excited a prejudice against him.

'What remains for me to do but to implore, in favour of the most courageous of men, that pity which he himself does not ask, and which I supplicate against his will? If you have not seen him mingle a tear, with all those which he has forced from your eyes, if you have not remarked any change in his countenance, or his discourse, you ought not for that reason to take a less interest in his lot; perhaps it is a reason for owing him still more. If in the combats of gladiators, when the fate of these men of the lowest class is in suspence, we cannot restrain ourselves from feeling aversion and contempt for those who shew themselves timid and suppliant, and who beg of us their lives; if, on the contrary, we interest ourselves for the safety of those who demonstrate a great courage, and offer themselves boldly to death; if, in such cases, we believe that our compassion is due to those, who implore it not, how much more is this disposition just and well-placed, when it is applied to our best citizens? For myself, I acknowledge I am pierced with grief, when I hear what Milo repeats to me every day, when I hear the adieus which he addresses to his fellow-citizens. May they be happy, says he to me; may they live in peace and security; may the republic flourish. It will always be dear to me, whatever treatment I may receive from it. If I cannot enjoy with my country the repose which I have procured for her, let her enjoy it without me, though by me. I will retire, content to find an asylum in the first free and well-governed city, which I shall find on my journey. Oh! useless and ill rewarded labours! he cries, O! fallacious hopes! O! vain thoughts! I, who in these deplorable times, characterised by the crimes of Clodius, when the senate was in a state of dejection, the republic under oppression, the Roman knights without power, all the good citizens without hopes, I devoted myself to them, I consecrated to them all the power which the tribunate gave me, ought I to have expected to be one day abandoned by those whom I had defended? I, who have restored you to your country, Cicero, (for it is to me that he addresses himself the most frequently) ought I to have believed that it would not be permitted to me to remain in it? Where is now that senate, whose cause we have taken in hand? Where are those Roman knights, who ought always to be devoted to you? Where are those succours, which were promised us by the municipal cities, those recommendations of all Italy? In fine, where is thy voice, O Cicero, which has saved so many citizens? Thy voice, then, can do nothing for my safety, after I have risked every thing for yours? That, which I cannot repeat here without groans, he says with the same countenance you now behold. He believes his fellow-citizens incapable of ingratitude; he thinks them only weak and timid. He repents not of having lavished his patrimony to attach to him that part of the people which Clodius armed against you. He reckons among the services he has rendered you, his liberalities, the power of which, in addition to his virtues, has procured your security. He cherishes the memory of those marks of interest and benevolence which the senate has given him at this very time, and he carries with him the recollection of your earnestness, of your zeal, and of your regrets. He adds, and with truth, that great souls look, in all their actions, only at the pleasure of doing good, without thinking of the rewards that attend it; that he has done nothing in his life but for honour; that, if nothing is so beautiful, so desirable, as the service of our country, and to deliver it from danger, those are happy, no doubt, whom she has rewarded with public honours; but that we ought not to commiserate those to whom their fellow-citizens remain indebted; that if we estimate the recompenses of virtue, glory is the first of all; it is this which consoles us under the shortness of life, by the idea of futurity, which reproduces, after we are departed, revives us when we are no more, and serves to men as a scaffolding to ascend to heaven. In all times, says he, the Roman people, and all nations, will speak of Milo; his name will never be forgotten; even at this day, when all the energies of my enemies are exerted and united to irritate envy against me, the public voice everywhere pays me respect; wherever men assemble together they give me their thanks. I speak not of the festivals which Etruria has celebrated and established in honour of me; it is now more than three months since Clodius perished, and the report of his death, in running through all the provinces of the empire, has diffused congratulations and joy. And of what importance is it where I may be hereafter, since my name and my glory are everywhere?

'This is the language, Milo, which you hold frequently to me in the absence of those who now hear me; and this is the answer I now give you in their presence. I cannot refuse you my applause for your great spirit; but the more I admire it, the more the loss of you becomes bitter and afflicting to me. If you are taken from me, if they tear you from my arms, I shall not have even the consolation of hating those who shall have given me so sensible a shock. They are not my enemies who will deprive me of you; they are those whom I have the most cherished, those, indeed, who have done me the most service. No, Romans, whatever chagrin you may cause me, and you cannot give any more cruel, you will never force me to forget what you have done for me; but if you have forgotten it yourselves, if any thing in me has given you offence, why do you not punish me rather than Milo? Whatever may happen to myself, I shall esteem myself happy if I am not a witness of his disgrace.

'The only consolation, which can remain for me, Milo, is that at least I shall have fulfilled towards you all the duties of friendship, of zeal, and of gratitude. For you I have set at defiance the enmity of powerful men; I have exposed my life to all the shafts of your enemies; for you I have even been able to prevail upon myself to supplicate them; I have regarded your danger as mine, and my good, and that of my children, as your own. In fine, if there is any violence which threatens your head, I fear not to invoke it on my own. What remains for me? What can I say? What can I do, unless it be to combine my fortune, henceforward, with yours, whatever it may be, and follow you wherever you go? I consent to this, Romans; I wish you to be persuaded, that the safety of Milo will fill up the measure of all that I owe you, or that all the benefits I have received from you will be annihilated in his disgrace. But for him all this grief, with which I am penetrated, these tears, which his situation forces from me, shake not his incredible firmness. He cannot resolve to consider as an exile, any place in which virtue can inhabit; death itself appears to him but the period of humanity, and not a punishment. Let him remain then in these sentiments, which are natural to him; but we, Romans, what ought to be ours? Will you preserve nothing of Milo but the memory of him, and banish him while you regret him? Is there in the world an asylum for this great man more worthy of him than the country which produced him? I appeal to you all, O you brave Romans, who have shed your blood for your country; centurions, soldiers, it is to you that I address myself in the dangers of this courageous citizen. Is it before you, who assist at this trial, with your arms in your hands, is it before your eyes that virtue shall be banished, driven away, and rejected, far from us? Unfortunate as I am! it was by the aid of these same Romans, O Milo! that you have been able to recal me to Rome, and they are not able to assist me in retaining you. What shall I answer to my children, who consider you as a second father, to my brother, now absent, but who participated formerly in all the evils from which you delivered me? I shall say to them, then, that I have been able to do nothing for your defence before those who so well seconded you for mine. And in what cause? In this which excites an universal interest. Before what judges? Before those to whom the death of Clodius has been most useful. With what defender? With Cicero. What great crime have I then committed, in what inexpiable guilt have I involved myself, when I sought out, discovered, and crushed that fatal conspiracy, which threatened us all, and which has become for me and mine a source of evils and misfortunes? Why have you recalled me to my country? Is it to drive away, before my eyes, those who have re-established me? Do you wish then that my return should be more painful than my exile, or rather, how can I believe myself, in fact, re-established, if I lose those to whom I owe my safety? I wish to the gods, that Clodius, (pardon me, O my country! pardon me, I fear that this wish, that the interest of Milo has extorted from me, may be a crime against you), I wish to the gods that Clodius still lived, that he was praetor, consul, dictator, rather than behold the fearful spectacle with which we are menaced! O immortal gods! O Romans, preserve a citizen like Milo. No, says he to me, let Clodius remain among the dead, where he deserved to be, and let me submit to the destiny which I have not merited. It is thus that he speaks: and this man born for his country, shall he die elsewhere? His memory will be engraven on your hearts, and shall he not have a monument in Italy?

'And can any of you pronounce the exile of a man whom all nations would wish to invite into their bosoms! O, too happy the city that shall receive him! O ungrateful Rome if she banish him! Unhappy if she lose him! My tears will not permit me to say more, and Milo will not be defended with tears. All that I ask of you is to dare in giving your suffrage, to believe only your own sentiments. Believe me, he who has chosen for judges men the most just and the most constant, the honestest men of the republic, has pledged himself beforehand, more particularly than any man, to approve whatever justice your country and your virtue shall dictate to you.'

The oftener I read this admirable harangue, the more I am convinced, like Milo, that if in fact Cicero had appeared in this cause as firm as he usually had done, he would have carried it against all the timid or interested considerations, which might act against the accused. This peroration is an effort of art, a singular example in which the orator not being able to excite pity for him who disdained it, conceives the thought of imploring it for himself, takes upon himself the character of a suppliant, for the purpose of exciting an interest for the accused, and employs for Milo all the resources which he refuses, leaving him all the honour of his firmness.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Lettres sur l'Angleterre. Par J. Fievée.

Of all the species of travels, that which has moral observation for its object is the most liable to error, and has the greatest difficulties to overcome, before it can arrive at excellence. Stones, and roots, and leaves, are subjects which may exercise the understanding, without rousing the passions. A mineralogical traveller will hardly fall foul upon the granite and the felt spar of other countries than his own; a botanist will not conceal its non-descripts; and an agricultural tourist will faithfully detail the average crop per acre: but the traveller, who observes on the manners, habits, and institutions of other countries, must have emancipated his mind from the extensive and powerful dominion of association, must have extinguished the agreeable and deceitful feelings of national vanity, and cultivated that patient humility, which builds general inferences only upon the repetition of individual facts. Every thing he sees shocks some passion, or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings. Books of travels are now published in such vast abundance, that it may not be useless, perhaps, to state a few of the reasons why their value so commonly happens to be in the inverse ratio of their number.

1st. Travels are bad, from a want of opportunity for observation in those who write them. If the sides of a building are to be measured, and the number of its windows to be counted, a very short space of time may suffice for these operations; but to gain such a knowledge of their prevalent opinions and propensities, as will enable a stranger to comprehend (what is commonly called) the genius of people, requires a long residence among them, a familiar acquaintance with their language, and an easy circulation among their various societies. The society into which a transient stranger gains the most easy access, in any country, is not often that which ought to stamp the national character; and no criterion can be more fallible, in a people, so reserved and inaccessible as the British, who, even when they open their doors to letters of introduction, cannot for years overcome the aukward timidity of their nature. The same expressions are of so different a value in different countries, the same actions proceed from such different causes, and produce such different effects, that a judgment of foreign nations, founded on rapid observation, is almost certainly a mere tissue of ludicrous and disgraceful mistakes; and yet a residence of a month or two seems to entitle a traveller to present the world with a picture of manners in London, Paris, or Vienna, and even to dogmatize upon their political, religious, and legal institutions, as if it were one and the same thing to speak of abstract effects of such institutions, and of their effects combined with all the peculiar circumstances in which any nation may be placed.

2dly. An affectation of quickness in observation, an intuitive glance that requires only a moment, and a part to judge of a perpetuity and a whole. The late Mr. Petion, who was sent over into this country, to acquire a knowledge of our criminal law, is said to have declared himself thoroughly informed upon the subject, after remaining precisely two-and-thirty minutes in the Old Bailey.

3dly. The tendency to found observation on a system, rather than a system upon observation. The fact is, there are very few original eyes and ears. The great mass see and hear as they are directed by others, and bring back from a residence in foreign countries, nothing but the vague and customary notions concerning it, which are carried and brought back for half a century, without verification or change. The most ordinary shape in which this tendency to prejudge makes its appearance among travellers, is by a disposition to exalt, or, a still more absurd disposition, to depreciate their native country. They are incapable of considering a foreign people, but under one single point of view, the relation in which they stand to their own; and the whole narrative is frequently nothing more than a mere triumph of national vanity, or the ostentation of superiority to so common a failing.

But we are wasting our time in giving a theory of the faults of travellers, when we have such ample means of exemplifying them all, from the publication now before us, in which Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity, that has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which fairly entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence. We consider Mr. Fievée's book as extremely valuable in one point of view. It affords a sort of limit or mind-mark, beyond which we conceive it to be impossible in future that pertness and petulance should pass. It is well to be acquainted with the boundaries of our nature on both sides; and to Mr. Fievée we are indebted for this valuable approach to *pessimum*. The height of knowledge no man has yet scanned; but we have now pretty well fathomed the gulf of ignorance.

We must however do justice to Mr. Fievée, when he deserves it. He evinces, in his preface, a lurking uneasiness at the apprehension of exciting war between the two countries, from the anger to which his letters will give birth in England. He pretends to deny that they will occasion a war; but it is very easy to see he is not convinced by his own arguments; and we confess ourselves extremely pleased by this amiable solicitude at the probable effusion of human blood. We hope Mr. Fievée is deceived by his philanthropy, and that no such unhappy consequences will ensue, as he really believes, though he affects to deny them. We dare to say the dignity of this country will be satisfied, if the publication in question is disowned by the French government, or, at most, if the author is given up. At all events, we have no scruple to say, that to sacrifice twenty thousand lives, and a hundred millions of money, to resent Mr. Fievée's book, would be an unjustifiable waste of blood and treasure; and that to take him off privately by assassination would be an undertaking hardly compatible with the dignity of a great empire.

To shew, however, the magnitude of the provocation, we shall specify a few of the charges which he makes against the English—That they do not understand fire-works as well as the French; that they charge a shilling for admission to the exhibition; that they have the misfortune of being incommoded by a certain disgraceful privilege, called the liberty of the press; that the opera band plays out of tune; that the English are so fond of drinking, that they get drunk with a certain air, called the gas of Paradise; that the privilege of electing members of parliament is so burdensome, that cities sometimes petition to be exempted from it; that the great obstacle to a parliamentary reform is the mob; that women sometimes have titles distinct from those of their husbands; although, in England, any body can sell his wife at market with a rope about her neck. To these complaints he adds—that the English are so far from enjoying that equality of which their partisans boast, that none but the servants of the higher nobility can carry canes behind a carriage; that the power which the French kings had of pardoning before trial, is much the same thing as the English mode of pardoning after trial; that he should conceive it to be a good reason for rejecting any measure in France, that it was imitated from the English, who have no family affections, and who love money so much, that their first question, in an inquiry concerning the character of any man, is, as to his degree of fortune. Lastly, Mr. Fievée alleges against the English, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. And indeed we must have the candour to allow, that the hospitaliy which Mr. Fievée experienced seems to afford some pretext for this assertion.

One of the principal objects of Mr. Fievée's book, is to combat the Anglomania, which has raged so long among his countrymen, and which prevailed at Paris to such an excess, that even Mr. Neckar, a foreigner, (incredible as it may seem), after having been twice minister of France, retained a considerable share of admiration for the English government. This is quite inexplicable. But this is nothing to the treason of the Encyclopedists, who, instead of attributing the merit of the experimental philosophy, and the reasoning by induction, to a Frenchman, have shewn themselves so lost to all sense of the duty which they owed to their country, that they have attributed it to an Englishman,* *by the name of Bacon*, and this for no better reason, than that he really was the author of it. The whole of this passage is written so entirely in the genius of Mr. Fievée, and so completely exemplifies that very caricature species of Frenchmen, from which our gross and popular notions of the whole people are taken, that we shall give the passage at full length, cautiously abstaining from the sin of translating it.

'Quand je reproche aux philosophes d'avoir vanté l'Angleterre, par haîne pour les institutions qui soutenoient la France, je ne hasarde rien, et je fournirai une nouvelle preuve de cette assertion, en citant les encyclopédistes, chefs a voués de la philosophie moderne.

'Comment nous ont-ils présenté l'Encyclopédie? Comme un monument immortel, comme le dépôt précieux de toutes les connoissances humaines. Sous quel patronage l'ont-ils élevé ce monument immortel? Est-ce sous l'égide des écrivains dont la France s'honoroit? Non, ils ont choisi pour maître et pour idole, un Anglais, Bâcon; ils lui ont fait dire tout ce qu'ils ont voulu, parce que cet auteur, extraordinairement volumineux, n'étoit pas connu en France, et ne l'est guère en Angleterre que de quelques hommes studieux; mais les philosophes sentoient que leur succès, pour introduire des nouveautés, tenoit à faire croire qu'elles n'étoient pas neuves pour les grands esprits; et comme les grands esprits Français, trop connus, ne se prêtoient pas à un pareil dessein, les philosophes ont eu recours à l'Angleterre. Ainsi, un ouvrage fait en France et offert à l'admiration de l'Europe comme l'ouvrage par excellence, fut mis par des Français sous la protection du génie Anglais. O honte! Et les philosophes se sont dit patriotes et la France pour prix des sa dégradation, leur a élevé des statues? Le siècle qui commence, plus juste, parce qu'il a le sentiment de la véritable grandeur, laissera ces statues et l'Encyclopédie s'ensevelir sous la même poussière.'

When to this are added the commendations that have been bestowed on Newton, the magnitude and the originality of the discoveries which have been attributed to him, the admiration which the works of Locke have excited, and the homage that has been paid to Milton and Shakspeare, the treason which lurks at the bottom of it all, will not

* 'Gaul was conquered by a person of the name of Julius Caesar,' is the first phrase in one of Mr. Newbery's little books.

escape the penetrating glance of Mr. Fievée; and he will discern that same cause from which every good Frenchman knows the defeat of Aboukir and of the first of June to have proceeded—*the monster Pitt, and his English guineas.*

MISCELLANY.

ON RHETORICAL ACTION.

[From a British paper.]

The ancient rhetoricians understood by ACTION, which they so strongly insisted on, not gesture only, but the whole business of *pleading a cause;* that is, elocution and gesture united, as they appeared in the Court, the Senate, or the Forum, in the actual delivery of an oration.

Action in this comprehensive sense deserved the high esteem of Demosthenes, who, according to a well-known story of Cicero and Quintilian, being asked what was the first, second, and third requisite of oratory, replied action, action, action. And here action is synonimous with what we call delivery.

But many among the modern speakers seem to think that action is nearly synonimous with *activity*, and means in its rhetorical use, the contortions of the arms, hands, legs, eyes, and various features of the face. They imagine that Demosthenes understood by action, gesture only.

An idea thus erroneous, but supported by misunderstanding the prince of orators, has led many into a mode of delivery truly ridiculous. They were determined to display a sufficient quantity of this prime requisite, and have in consequence exhibited the action, or rather agility, of a harlequin, when they intended to represent, in their own persons, Cicero and Demosthenes revived. They have made even the pulpit resemble the stage of the mountebank, where a jack-pudding entertains with his *action*, the gaping multitude.

It is recorded of a divine, who did not confine his action to the pulpit, that he adorned the following passage in the Psalms with peculiar vivacity of gesture.

The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.

At the words the *singers go before* he reached out both his arms at full length before him, *the minstrels following after* he represented with his finger pointing over his left shoulder, and when he came to—*in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels*, he illustrated the passage by playing on the Prayer Book with the fingers of both his hands, just as if he had been touching the keys of a harpsichord.

Gesture in oratory is intended to express the passions and emotions of the mind according to the impulse of nature, and not to display the speaker's abilities in the art of mimicry and pantomime. The imitation of the idea in the mind, by the attitude of the body, should not be very close; because such an intimation is desertion of the orator's part for the actor's, and turns the attention of the hearer from the subject matter to the agility and mimetic talents of a stage performer. If the imitation is really good, the spectator is struck and pleased with it, but at the same time loses the proper effect of the speech; if, on the other hand, it is awkward, he laughs, and despises the wretched attempt at unattained excellence.

Gesture is therefore to be ventured on with great caution, and conducted with nice judgment. It may destroy the effect of a fine composition, and render an orator, who may be in other qualifications respectable, an object of contempt and derision.

This consideration has induced me to express my surprise at the displeasure, which many have shewn on seeing boys at school, and young men at the university, go through their exercises of declaiming, without moving their hands and arms. I have heard the hearers observe on such occasions, that the young man recited with great judgment and propriety; what a pity it was, that he stood motionless as a statue.

This criticism arose from their habit of attending the theatres; where imitation being the professed busines of the speakers, mimetic gesture is studied with laudable attention, and without danger of defeating the purpose of the player by too near a resemblance. It is his business to *take off*, as it is well expressed, the external form and manner of those whom he represents, as accurately, as the wax *takes off* the sculptured figure of the seal, or the paper *takes off* the engraving on the copper plate.

What Horace said of poetry may be said of gesture in oratory. Mediocrity in it is worse than the total want of it. If it is not excellent in its kind, it is better to omit it entirely. If it is stiff, formal, awkward, or excessive, it will lessen the effect of the finest oration, by mixing, with the approbation of the hearer, a sentiment of ridicule.

ACCOUNT OF THE ALPHABET CLUB.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine]

MR. URBAN,

The following letter was found among the papers of a gentleman, who contributed more than one paper to the Connoiseur. It was destined to be sent to Mr. Town, but was mislaid and forgotten. As Mr. Town is dead, I know no person, Mr. Urban, who has a better right to open his letters than yourself.

R. Z.

MR. TOWN. *Cambridge.*

"Nihil dulcius est otio *literato*." *Cic.*

The humour of forming clubs, which was so common in the beginning of this century,* is still in existence in this place. Indeed we are in many respects the same race of men that Mr. Bickerstaff remembers. The sect of Loungersdai- increases, and St. John's has not lost its reputation for punning. But to return to my subject. It was a gentleman of this last mentioned society, who made the first proposal for that singular club of which I am going to give you an account, and of which I am myself an unworthy member. We call ourselves the Alphabet club; as we consist of twenty-six members, each of us by the initial of his name representing one letter of the alphabet. There was at first a dispute whether we should consist of more than twenty-five, as some persons contend that V and U were the same letter: however, it was asserted on the other hand that they differed both in sound and form; and upon Q's reminding the company, that he could be of no use without U, but that he had nothing at all to do with V, it was agreed that each of these letters should have a representative. Each letter takes rank, not according to its place in the alphabet, but according to its rarity; for this reason our president is always one whose name begins with a Z. The next to him in dignity is Q; after whom the rest follow in order, beginning at the end of the alphabet; for we have observed that the first Letters A, B, C, &c. are the most ordinary. We likewise endeavour to choose our members from some fancied resemblance, either in shape or mien, to the letters they represent. Our present worthy president is an excellent little Z, and is a fellow of one of the largest colleges here. The part of the corpulent B is well supported by Dr. Muster, a gentleman who measures about four yards in circumference. But he who bears the most striking resemblance to his initial is Professor Ignoramus, who is stiff and upright as any I in any horn-book whatever. There are at present several vacancies to be filled. If you can mention to us a person who turns out his toes well, and whose name begins with an A, we will prefer him to the place of that letter. We shall thank any body who will point out a gentleman that makes a good bow, and whose name begins with an S. We have already refused a P, who does not wear his hat with a good air; and have done the same by a V, because he has not the faculty of standing upon one leg. As we are determined that our society shall be truly English, we peremptorily rejected the proposal of a certain great scholar to admit the Digamma into our club. When we meet in an evening, which we do once in twenty-six days, we amuse ourselves in a very sprightly manner without uttering a single word; our whole conversation being carried on by the bodies of the members. We connect ourselves together by our hands, and so form words and sentences. Thus we are continually in motion, and talk in dumb show. Were you to enter when we are carrying on a brisk conversation, you would think we were playing at blindman's buff: at other times you would take us for a knot of Peripatetics. We think all this very innocent, and conducive to the sharpening of our wits, and keeping our bodies in health. I am, &c.

RALPH CROTCHET.

P. S. There are several clubs, set up in imitation of ours; such as the Black letter, the Italic the Grecian, &c. But I believe they are not in a thriving condition. In the first there have been great contentions between the vowels and consonants, in which the dipthongs have sided with the former. The Italic has for some time been in a slender tottering condition, and we expect that it will soon fall. There is a gentleman here whose letter is filled up, and who wants us to admit him as an honorary member under the title of *Et cætera*. We wish to know your advice on this point.

* The Connoisseur was published in the years, 1754 1755, and 1756,

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[From The Repertory.]

THE CARAVANSERY.

It has been often remarked, that many, who have enjoyed the reputation of good scholars, at the University, have made but an indifferent figure in life, and have been frequently eclipsed, in the various professions, by those, whose academical reputation was greatly inferior to their own. This difference of intellectual vigor, at various periods, may arise from a variety of causes, but proceeds generally from the following:

Young men of lively imaginations, and superior genius, unless well disciplined in the earlier part of life, are inclined to be inattentive to any regular plan of study, and to consider the stated period of recitation, as a drudgery, to which they submit with reluctance. Hence they often appear to their instructors and fellow students, inferior to boys of much slower capacity, who compensate, by industry, for the deficiencies of nature. But when they are placed on the great theatre of life, genius displays its superiority, and when stimulated by laudable ambition soon outstrips its competitor.

The honours of the University, however, must always be confined to those, who perform, in the most exemplary manner, the duties exacted; the gross violation of existing laws, no less than the contemptuous neglect of any branch of literature or science, deservedly excludes the offender from academical rewards, however brilliant may be his parts, and however extensive his knowledge.

A young man, who merely performs what is required of him, and is ambitious only of appear-

ing respectable in the hour of recitation, will not derive all the advantages, which an academical education may afford. The passive instructions of the best teacher will not suffice, without the co-operating activity of his own mind.

Let the student, then, who is desirous of solid improvement, after the strictest compliance with the college laws, and implicit obedience to the minutest regulations, devote his leisure hours to reading and composition. Let him examine the natural bent of his mind, and form it to excel in those pursuits, to which his genius leads. If his taste be scientific, he will, of course, employ the moments of retirement, in improving himself in the mathematics, and in those sciences, which depend on them. Should he be designed for active or professional life, he will turn his attention to the more useful study of classical literature. The perusal of the best Poets, Historians, and Moralists, will store his mind with useful knowledge, correct sentiments, and elegant language. The pen, says Quinctilian, is the best master, and if he employs it with taste and judgment, he will transfuse into his compositions, the spirit and elegance of standard authors. He will form a style, which will be glowing, yet not glaring—easy, though not vulgar, and vigorous without pedantry and stiffness. He will always have at command, sentiment and language, and consequently will never be at a loss to express himself with propriety and effect, either as a companion, a writer, or a public speaker.

The poets, most worthy of his perusal, are Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Thomson, with those works he should be thoroughly conversant, before he peruses either the more ancient or more modern bards. By these means his taste will be so far formed, that he will be able, at the first glance, to distinguish between the true and the false sublime, between a just thought, and a trifling conceit.

Johnson, Addison, Swift, Cumberland, with all the periodical writers, and the best historians, hold the first rank in English literature, and will enable him to form the best judgment of men and books.

But he will not confine himself to authors in his own language, but go back to the fountain head of elegant knowledge, and study the ancients in their native languages, till he can read them with facility, and relish their beauties. All this can be performed with ease, by a young man of parts and diligence, whilst residing at the University, and will rather aid than impede the stated business of recitation. This is the mode of education, which has been attended with the most success, and has the sanction of ages in its defence. The Romans formed themselves on the model of the Greeks, and Cicero never ceased to write and declaim in that language till he arrived at the prætorship. The most distinguished moderns, whether authors or professional men, have been intimately acquainted with the best writers in both languages, and perhaps no instance can be produced, where any man has made a great figure in the world, who was unacquainted with them, except some military chieftain or naval commander, who must still be indebted to literature, for the defence of his conduct, or the celebration of his victories.

The University of Cambridge is unquestionably the best on the continent, and has been considerably improved of late years. But still, in the best seminary, little more than the rudiments of literature and science can be taught by the ablest instructors, without the co-operation of the students themselves. That further improvements may be made in this University, and some abuses corrected, we are well convinced; and we shall, therefore, occasionally take the liberty of animadverting on this subject. Interested persons, may possibly feel hurt at some of our observations, and describe us as enemies to the establishment. But we shall appeal to a liberal and enlightend public to decide on the justness of our remarks, observing that were we inimical to its interests, we should not take the trouble of expending on it a single speculation. We are sincere and ardent friends of the University, fully persuaded that it is the great palladium of literature and science of correct morals and rational religion, which are so intimately connected with them. But we shall not be silent on any abuses that may exist, which are capable of correction, but point them out with decency and candour. Our friendship shall be employed in correcting the errors of the object which we regard, unlike those of the democrats, who, with all their cant of attachment to the interest of the people, still flatter their vices, and abuse their confidence.

B.

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[From Goldsmith.]

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII, NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

SIR, Stockholm.

I cannot resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterise a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe, that in Sweden, highway robberies are not so much as heard of? For my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of Providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Hearkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers, without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men, particularly, have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it altogether, is a large, beautiful, and even a populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is a handsome spacious building, but, however, scantily supplied with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value: but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the north ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII, died, by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves, made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years, he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died, than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended no injury.

At another time when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he intreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground.

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction, who weigh happiness against glory, and teach

their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever shewing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty, is a nobler character than a king even of middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with the ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story; what is related of the journies of this prince, is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of his journies quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses, he underwent an adventure, singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman, who owned the horse, was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles cooly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one: for you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself. This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

OLD BAILEY.

Michael Foley was indicted for stealing 600l. in bank notes, the property of Mrs. LARKIN. The, case as opened by Mr. GURNEY for the prosecution was as follows:—That the prosecutrix, Mrs. LARKIN, who lived in Sloan-street, Chelsea, became acquainted with the prisoner who lived in the same street, and he so far ingratiated himself in her favour that he prevailed upon her to lend him 325 guineas, as he said to pay for recruits, he having represented himself as an officer in the army; she accordingly sold out stock from the Bank, and on the first day of June last the prisoner came to her house in Sloane-street to receive the money she intended to lend him. She had at that time 608l. in notes lying before her; while they were together somebody knocked at the door, and the prisoner was told a friend was waiting for him, upon which he swept all the notes from the table and walked off with them.

Mrs. LARKIN was called to prove this case, which she stated in substance the same as opened. She was a very old Lady, rather gay and youthful in her dress, and the cross-examination went to establish that she had lent the whole money to the prisoner, who was a young athletic Hibernian, it being insinuated that she had a *conceived a very warm friendship* towards him. She denied this, however, but admitted to the learned judge, that she had brought this criminal prosecution as the shortest way to get her money back; he directly directed the jury to acquit the prisoner. The jury having done so, the prisoner wished to address the Court, but the recorder told him, he had better remain contented with what already passed. He had very properly been acquitted of any criminal charge; but his conduct could not be deemed harmless, for it is very culpable for any man to take advantage either of a very young or a very *old* woman.

SKETCH OF GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ.

The author of some valuable political pieces, as well as several other works. His productions are in general characterized by a quaint, patch-work, pedantic style, which it had been much better if he could have avoided, though it seems habitual to him. He published, in 1779, a quarto volume, entitled, 'Political Annals of the United Colonies:' and about three years afterward a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "The comparative Strength of Britain during the present and four preceding Reigns. In 1786, he published an Estimate of the Comparative Strength of Great Britain, in one volume, octavo: a year or two previous to which he circulated a three-penny pamphlet, entitled, "Opinions on Subjects arising from American Independence." His subsequent publications have been an edition, in one volume, quarto, of Daniel de Foe's History of the Union between England and Scotland, to which Mr. C. prefixed the author's Life: this life was handsomely reprinted in an octavo volume, in 1790, and though sold separately, was designed to be prefixed to Mr. Stockdale's splendid edition of Robinson Crusoe: a Collection of Treaties between Great Britain and other powers, in two volumes octavo, published in 1790: the Life of Ruddiman, keeper for almost fifty years of the library belonging to the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh, with new Anecdotes of Buchanan, in one volume, octavo: a volume in which the author has to a ridiculous extravagance neglected no opportunity of sporting a *Johnsonion* period: and a tedious, plump octavo, Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare MSS. Mr. Chalmers is also the writer of two very good papers in the Looker-on, the one on Illicit Hopes, the other on the Equalization of Follies and Diseases, both of which, but especially the latter, abound with much genuine humour.

SKETCH OF THOMAS COGAN, ESQ. M. D.

The supposed author of the History of John Buncle, jun. He has published a Philosophical Survey of the Creation: a Journey from Utrecht to Franckfort, chiefly by the Borders of the Rhine, in two volumes, 8vo. published in 1794, in a series of agreeably-written letters: and Memoirs of the Society at Amsterdam in favour of drowned persons. He is forever to be venerated as one of the first promoters, in conjunction with Dr. Hawes, of that inestimable institution, the Humane Society.

SKETCH OF ADAM FERGUSON, LL. D. F. R. S. E.

Formerly professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, to which station he was called in 1764, and continued in that chair during twenty years. He is a distinguished character in the republic of letters. His first publication was an Essay on the history of Civil Society, which first appeared in 1765, in one volume quarto, and is a performance of very considerable excellence. In 1770, he published a duodecimo volume, entitled, Institutes of Moral Philosophy, which is a syllabus of his lectures: and, in 1783, he produced his History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic, in three volumes, quarto, a work which has been very favourably received and highly esteemed. Dr. Ferguson has here undertaken a most glorious and interesting period of history, and, although his style be not remarkably luminous or elegant, his work will be read by the philosopher and the statesman with equal pleasure and advantage: it constitutes a very valuable addition to the literature of our country, and gives its author a most respectable rank among our greatest historians. In 1792, he published Principles of Moral and Political Science, in two volumes, quarto, which work is chiefly a retrospect of his college lectures.

SKETCH OF R. GRIFFITHS, ESQ.

The proprietor of, and formerly an occasional writer in, the Monthly Review. He is brother-in-law of the late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, who, with a Mr. Cleveland, was the original institutor of that celebrated Literary Journal, in the year 1749. The very surprising manner in which this publication has maintained its reputation for half a century, does the highest honour to the learning and liberality of its series of conductors.

☞ The Agents and Subscribers for the Port Folio are very respectfully reminded, that the Editor has nearly completed the *fourth* circle of his annual toil, and is preparing for the *fifth*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The very elegant verses of 'Lodinus,' to the fair invalid, display the most soothing tenderness, and many a poetical beauty. They are entitled to the attention not only of the lady, who is so kindly greeted, but of men of taste and sensibility.

The poetry of E. is always of a moral and generally of a pensive character. But her muse, though often in mourning, is never idly querulous, nor monotonously dull.

The imitation of 'Donec gratus eram,' which we copy, with much pleasure, from the WASHINGTON FEDERALIST, is in a very happy vein of playful humour.

The Editor is harrassed by complaints of the want of variety in some of the papers of the Port Folio. Whenever he is not pressed with the more onerous articles of disquisition, it is a favourite object to diversify his columns as much as possible.

But, after all, what would you have me do,
If out of twenty I can please but two?
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and this Pindaric lays;
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg,
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg:
Hard task to please the palate of such guests,
When ADAMS likes what Mævius detests.

The criticism, from the Edinburg Review, upon the nonsensical book of a foolish French jacobin, who has presumptuously supposed that *he* is qualified to appreciate the English character, is written with such caustic wit, that we are sure the miserable republican will never again offend.

'The Caravansary,' a periodical paper, written by the wits of Boston, and published in the Repertory, frequently furnishes us with entertainment and instruction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, WHOSE HEALTH WAS IMPAIRED BY THE AGUE AND FEVER.

Dark minister of many woes!
That lov'st the sad vicissitude of pain,
Now shiv'ring mid anctarctic snows,
Now a faint pilgrim on Medina's plain*—
Say! can no form, less fair, thy view engage?
Must feeble loveliness exhaust thy rage?
Oh! mark the falt'ring step, the languid eye,
And all the anguish of her burning sigh.
See the faintly-struggling smile;
See Resignation's tear, the while!
So to the axe the martyr bends his form,
So bends the lovely lily to the storm.
Still, though, sweet maid! thy yielding bloom decays,
And faint, the waning tide of rapture strays;
Oh! may'st thou 'scape Grief's more envenom'd smart,
Nor ever know the ague of the heart!
For, rising from the sun-bright plain,
The *bended* lily blooms again;
But ah! what life-imparting power
Can e'er revive the *broken* flower?

LODINUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO E. H. W.

From cypress groves and faded leaves,
The muse her mournful chaplet weaves;
And oft with brooding Fancy sits,
Where the lone night-bird dimly flits,
Waking her soft mellifluous art,
To wound my peace, and rend my heart.
Yet, erst, my friend, her tuneful strain,
Warbled on yonder village-plain,
Deepen'd the glow, that summer yields,
And mark'd the waving harvest-fields:
The rocks, beside the murmuring rill,
The path-way to the cottage sill,
The cragged ridge, the shelter'd gate,
Where filial love would lingering wait,
Till she, who cheer'd my youthful way,
And gleam'd through every adverse day,
Brighten'd the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
And dress'd the sylvan world in flow'rs.
Oft have I sought the hallow'd shrine,
Where Laura mix'd her pray'rs with mine,
That she, whose soft maternal voice
Bade every languid pulse rejoice,
That she, whose starry light was given,
To lead our wand'ring steps to heaven,
Would, pitying, bend at Mercy's throne,
For us, unguarded, and alone!
Oh! Thou, who bade the tempest rise,
Where Peace illum'd her azure skies,
And taught Affliction's storm to lour,
Arm'd with the ensigns of thy pow'r,
If e'er Allurement's silken wings
Spread o'er my heart its twisted strings,
Should life assume its wonted form,
Its mellow tints, and colours warm,
Bid every soft enchantment flee,
Which robs my soul of faith in thee!

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO HOPE.

Didst thou not say, deceiving heart!
That time would bring its healing art,
Would chase the tear from Friendship's eye,
And soothe Affliction's sharpest sigh?
Ah! treacherous Hope, didst thou not say,
That Autumn's mild empurpled ray
To this lov'd scene would oft return,
Ere Sorrow clasp'd the silent urn?
Trembling, I caught the faithless wile,
And cherish'd every beamy smile,
Close to my aching bosom prest
The lenient balm of promis'd rest,
And lull'd each anxious thought to sleep,
Which rais'd a sigh, or bade me weep;
E'en now, I see thy radiant form
Sparkling amid the recent storm,
And mingling all thy transient dews,
With soft Affection's rainbow hues.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We are the first to present the following spirited poem to our American readers. It exhibits the graces and the peculiarities of the Oriental style.]

A Song, from the Persian, paraphrased in the measure of the original, by Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet as the rose, that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet, with a heart, like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest,

Beauty, like thine, all nature thrills,
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on thy breast thou wearest.

Where should those peerless flowrets blow?
Whence are the thorns, that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me, till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye, too chaste,
Like the new blossom, smiling.

Spreading thy toils, with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following translation of one of the most pathetic and moral odes of Horace, was made by Sir WILLIAM JONES, when a school-boy of fourteen. It is not faultless, but it is a wonderful instance of an early fondness for the classics in one, who always displayed the spirit of an ancient Roman, and lisped his language, even when a child. We fervently hope, that the love of Latinity will still be cherished, in despite of the new Goths and Vandals, who strive to deface the Roman empire, and to substitute the *brass* of *Barbarians* for ancient gold.]

How quickly fades the vital flower!
Alas! my friend, each silent hour,
Steals, unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence and dove-eyed truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; though an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recal her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas,
In vain we fly from wars,
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast—
The slow Cocytus must be past.
How needless are our cares!
Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave.
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fargrance o'er our grave.

To others, then, we shall resign
The numerous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

* A small town in Arabia, on the way to Mecca. The heats, that prevail amid the sands of Arabia, are well known to be excessive.

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the Washington Federalist.]

IX. ODE OF HORACE, 3d BOOK, IMITATED.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

TEDDY TO MEGGY.

When Meggy lov'd Teddy, and Teddy lov'd Meg,
And none but myself had the length of your leg,*
Ogh! how happy was I, Gra ma cree! Holy Paeter,
Just as if I was ateing a Munster potater.

MEGGY.

Before at the whiskey-shop, under the hill,
You smuggled the gypsey, that paid off your bill,
I'd rather be squaz'd in the arms of my Teddy,
Than even by Dermot, or Father O Brady.

TEDDY.

Ogh! the gypsey's swaete face, 'tis the thame of my song,
From morning till night, aye and all the night long,
By St. Pat, I'd be murdther'd, to save her swaete life,
If after she'd promise to be my own wife.

MEGGY.

O dear! that swaete Dermot, with three sheep or more,
He's promis'd to marry me over and o'er;
And father O Brady, when he's in a glow,
He sure will be kind to me, married or no.

TEDDY.

What if your own Teddy should [illegible] you again,
And to hell kick the gypsey; [illegible] would you disdain,
To make up our quarrel, and try to be civil,
By sending poor Dermot and sheep to the devil!

MEGG.

Yes! though Dermot is fond as a plaister of pitch,
And you for new faces had always an itch,
Though O Brady is kind, while you storm like the sea,
Yet still I would live, though I perish'd with thee.

EARLY GRAY HAIRS,

O'er my head, ev'n yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow—
Care, be gone!—a steady joy
Soothes the heart, that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endless winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy sons beneath.

* For leg, read foot.

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